

NOVEMBER

1988

NO. 001

FREE

Local Lake Recording Culture

The Constitution & Mr. Ed

Neighbors

Tom Furgas

Arbitrator

Theatre of Ice

Some Supposed Procs

Local Tape Reviews

and More



Line

an afternoon production



GAJOOB is published
bi-monthly by
applegoon productions.

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Thanks to all who have
shown an interest.

applegoon productions
is the umbrella under
which I plan to release
various works, such as
compilation tapes,
tapes by individuals, a
catalog of locally
produced music
releases with updates,
independent videos,
and booklets of prose.
For more info, send a
stamp and ask for more
info.

GAJOOB was going to be called SLAMN,
but I changed it.

This being the first issue, I guess I should
try to state GAJOOB's overall purpose or
raison d'etre; but I don't want to do that.

Sure, GAJOOB will feature local music, in
interviews, reviews, live reports, scene news,
individual profiles and so on.

There will also be some poetry, short
stories, art and commentary.

But, basically, I'll simply be publishing
whatever might catch my interest.

If you feel like you want to contribute
something to the pages of this 'zine, please
feel free to do so. This first issue
notwithstanding, GAJOOB is not only a
one-person venture. Send me a letter and tell
me what you think-- about anything. Or, if
you record or you're in a band or doing
anything musical, I'm interested in what you
have to say about it. And if you write prose
of any kind, I'll certainly consider publishing
it.

I hope you enjoy this issue of GAJOOB;
and future issues as well.

Incidentally, GAJOOB is pronounced
GUH-'JOOB. It comes from John Lennon's "I
Am the Walrus." In particular, the lines, "I
am the eggman, they are the eggmen, I am
the walrus-- goo goo gajoo!" I think this
says something extraordinarily insightful and
very meaningful about life and living and all
things in the world around us.

Or something like that.

-Bryan Baker-

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Okay, there are no letters this issue. Afterall, it's the first issue. Please send a letter. Any subject will do. Love. Hate. Whatever.

Dear MRR,

The reason I am writing is to warn your readers of a real shitty band called STEVIE STILETTO. It all began a few months ago when I received a phone call from the bands' bass player, Stevie Mike Stiletto. He wanted to play my town very badly. I told him I had never heard of the band and that I only booked arty bands or anyone who sounds like R.E.M. He assured me they sounded exactly like R.E.M. and proceeded to tell me that Mike Stripe had been their original lead singer. Needless to say, this was a huge lie. Well, being the nice guy that I am, I booked them here and put out over 30 fliers advertising the show. Three weeks before the show, guess who shows up at my door? That's right, Stevie Stiletto. They explained that they had a few cancellations and asked if they could sleep on my couch for three weeks. These three weeks were pure hell! I told them it would be okay but they would have to buy their own groceries and to hold the noise down at night. I had a good job and needed to be up by 9AM each morning. These guys were animals. They partied all day and night, had fist fights with each other, and completely destroyed my apartment. They would hold farting contests in my bedroom and the only thing put in the fridge was beer. They raped my girlfriend, who I just found out is pregnant. They cut off my cats balls and put them in an ice tray in the freezer. They clogged up my sink and shower. They stole my VCR and they scratched all of my records. They would masturbate all over my apartment and had the police called almost every night.

Finally the day came I'd been waiting for - the big show. Nine people showed up to see them and paid two bucks each to get in. I thought they'd be happy with the turnout but they were pissed. They played one song and emptied the club, so they beat me up and stole my wallet. It

was a nightmare. I thought to myself, at least it's over. I thought wrong because today I received a telephone bill for \$1300.00 — those mother fuckers.

Well that's all I have to say about those bastards. Please don't give them a gig and for Gods sake don't ever let them in your apartment. Dick Smoker/ Pittsburg PA

Yo MO and O,

The reason I be writing is to tell you of a great new band called STEVIE STILETTO. These guys rock. I booked them here in Boston and over 900 people came out to the show, and what a show it was. Bodies flying everywhere, the whole fuckin place was rockin. They played 2 1/2 non stop hours of high energy music and never slowed down or took a breather. Words can't describe how fuckin hot they were.

Anyway, they asked if they could stay at my apartment for the night and I said sure. They neatly placed their sleeping gear on my living room floor and sat around shooting the shit with me. Stevie Neal fixed my TV and Stevie Dan gave me a great VCR for free. I couldn't believe it. After a while they decided to catch some sleep so I went to my room and went to bed. Early that morning I received a phone call from the hospital. It seemed my mother had had a heart attack and needed an operation. A \$1600.00 operation. I had very little money and didn't know what to do. When I told Stevie Stiletto about my problem Stevie Ray reached into his pocket and gave me \$1600.00. Exactly what they made the night before. I couldn't believe it. I don't know how I'll ever repay them but I owe them a lot. If any of you get the chance to see them live, do so. They'll rock your socks off.

Edy Easter/ Boston Mass

WHAT IF 7-ELEVEN
IS REALLY A TERRORIST
INFILTRATION, POISED
FOR THE EVENTUAL
TAKE-OVER OF THE
UNITED STATES,
POISONING MY
MIND WITH MY
NEW HABITUAL
CONSUMPTION OF
BIG GULPS
+
SLURPEES

?!



MAXIMUMROCKNROLL

GAJOOB's Recording Forum hopes to be a soundboard for the discussion of any realated topics in the local recording field. If you have any ideas on the subject you might want to impart, please don't hesitate. If you don't feel like writing them down, you can even send them in on tape, or maybe we can set up an interview. I look forward to hearing from you.....



*Tom Furgas is a prominent independent cassette artist. He reviews tapes for both **Option** and **Sound Choice** magazines. A year or so ago, I sent Tom some questions concerning the independent tape scene, and he responded. Here's how it went.....*

GAJOOB How long have you been involved in independent taping?

TOM I started working in my studio in 1980, but didn't release any tapes until June 1983.

GAJOOB How many tapes have you released?

TOM Over 30 by now.... the number changes as I delete older tapes which I feel are inferior or have been done better with recently acquired equipment. There are 7 or 8 tapes done with other artists (Ken Clinger, Richard Franeki, Courtesy Patrol, DK, Dino DiMuro and others).

GAJOOB How do you make your tapes? What equipment do you use?

TOM I use a Sony open-reel 2-track, a Teac cassette deck, a Panasonic cassette deck and various inexpensive outboard devices. Using good tape and noise reduction help keep the generational noise down.

GAJOOB Any plans to go into a professional studio?

TOM Yes, once the money is available.... within a year or so.... to do a solo piano album.

GAJOOB Do you perform?

TOM Not in a live situation, no. I have had experience with live playing and will probably never do it again for all sorts of reasons.... equipment, people, audiences--all of which can, and do screw up at the worst possible times.

GAJOOB Do you make money on your independent taping?

TOM I do sell tapes every now and then, but mostly at cost for materials alone; so I can't say I've made a "profit" as such.

GAJOOB What attracts you to independent taping?

TOM Mainly, the relatively inexpensive availability of sound production/duplication/distribution. This is why so many hundreds of others are doing it: economics.

GAJOOB How many people are doing it?

TOM Hundreds, maybe thousands the world over. It's a constantly growing movement. I hope that it expands to the point where people no longer feel the need to spend \$9 for an album by a bunch of talentless pretty-boys, made largely with the aid of studio gimmickery.

GAJOOB What are some of the pitfalls to avoid by anyone releasing a tape?

TOM The usual: releasing anything without self-imposed editing (resulting in a lot of poor music floating around), and then there's poor recording quality, careless or non-existent sleeve design.... As John Cage said, "Nothing is serious unless we take it seriously!" It takes a while to penetrate this 'market', especially nowadays with the ever-increasing number of independents, so you must keep working at it.

GAJOOB Finally, what are you doing these days?

TOM I've just finished a 5-cassette set of improvised "Music For Keyboards 1-10." I'm also wrapping up a third Courtesy Patrol tape, and am still at work on a collaboration with Croiners.

GAJOOB That's all, Tom. Thanks a lot!

TOM Hope this helps. Keep working, and good luck!

Really Stupid

I just said something really stupid
I wish I could step outside my body
So I could tell myself how stupid I am
And then sit back with smug satisfaction
And the knowledge that I am better than that
'Cos I am

But I'm not

Like Locusts

My skin crawls like feeding locusts
Mandibles twitching
Consuming me

But soon, rains come
And wash them all away

And soon, the day will come
And I'll forget it all again



ANNOUNCES

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INTERVIEWS

DA NEIGHBORS are:



Troy Golden
Dave Leikam
Mike Watson
Mike Graves

bass, vocal
guitar, vocal
drums
vocals, guitar

I interviewed Da Neighbors previous to a performance at the Word. Dave describes their music as, "...that Southern-fried kind of folksy thing that people like us too." Admitted influences include R.E.M., the Replacements, Kilkenny Cats, the Connells, Dumptruck and Guadalcanal Diary. They have a tape out called "Suburbia," and can quite often be heard on KRCL radio.

GRAJ00B If you made an album right now, is this tape what it would be like?

Mike G Somewhat.

Dave We've got a lot of new stuff that isn't on tape yet that is better than songs we've recorded in the past.

GRAJ00B Where did you record the tape?

Troy In Mike's basement.

Dave We rented a Sony 16-channel mixer and went directly out into a Sony tape deck. Pretty primitive, but it got the best local recording that I've heard.

Troy It's all just one take.

[Rod, a friend who is going to sit in on harmonica for a couple songs, joins us]

Mike W Hi, Rod. This is our sit-in harmonica player.

Mike G He's playing harp with us tonight.

Rod I'm psyched.

GRAJ00B Have you sat in with them very often?

Rod Never have.

GRAJ00B What's your name?

Rod Let's see, what should my name be?

Troy Ed McPherson... First off, he's from Tupelo, Mississippi.

Rod Yeh. Mark Jackman grew up right next to me. It was, like, the street to get shot at with salt rocks.

GRAJ00B Let's get a band history... How long have you been together?

Rod I'm building a tribute to the Rockettes.

Mike W We've been together for years, but we formed a band maybe three years ago.

Dave We stayed in the basement for two years. We've only been playing out for about a year.

Troy It started back in September. We started really getting things clicking.

Dave We played a gig up in Ogden. It was an outdoor festival.

Troy A bunch of Navajo people came. It was cool.

Dave Yeh. We had some dancers and stuff. One woman took off her bra.

Troy And gave it to us.

Dave None of us were willing to touch it.

Troy Then, Mike lost his stick and it flew out into the street, and this bum just walks out, picked up the stick and walks backstage.

[Rod gets bored and leaves]

Troy So anyway, we've been pretty busy ever since. Which is good, 'cos a lot of bands say, "OK man, let's get together. We got this gig on Wednesday. It's Sunday." You know? It seems a lot of people just get together, and they haven't ever played together for as much of the time as we do.

Dave Yeh. They just jump in and say, "Let's form a band." And they go right out and get gigs.

GRAJ00B But, you guys were friends.

All Yeh.

Troy [to Mike W] I hate this person, but...

Mike W Yeh, we're all good friends.

Dave We play basketball more than we jam any more.

Troy No, I think we're back on the...
Dave We're back on the music track, but for the months of April and May and the first part of June, all we did was play basketball. And if we had a gig, we'd practice, like, the week before and nothing real heavy serious.

Troy We weren't jamming a lot during May 'cos we'd have a gig every weekend.

Dave We had a gig every weekend.

GRAJ00B Is that how you get together? You mostly just jam?

Dave That's how it's been lately. We've been practicing enough that we haven't really felt the need to practice during the week. We usually do a Saturday thing, and we've been playing Friday or Saturday, so it wasn't really necessary to play on a Friday, then come on a Saturday and play the Saturday before the gig.

GRAJ00B How do you write your music?

Mike W Mike?

Mike G Well, I just write the music-- well, not all of it. I write it on the acoustic guitar, usually. And, usually, the lyrics are somewhat how they'll be, and the melody is usually about the same, and then we kind of work with it from there-- you know? And just bring the whole band into it, basically. But that's how it starts.

GRAJ00B So you guys, at the first, don't have much input?

Dave None.

Mike W Mike writes the lyrics and the chages and all the chords and stuff. He plays it for us once...

Troy And we all go, "Hmmm..."

Mike W Then he works out something with Dave on the electric guitar, or just the other guitar part. And then Troy fiddles around, and then later that same day, I just come in.

Dave Mike hones it down-- he comes up with the basic idea. Something has to strike him, it seems.

Mike W And it usually does.

Dave Something funny has to happen to him.

GRAJ00B Do you guys play any covers?

Troy I'll tell ya, these days in this town, people make so much money playing covers, and they turn into shit bands.

Dave The point is, we don't do many covers any more. The originals are the emphasis.

GRAJ00B It seems like there are a lot of bands springing up that are playing mostly original material.

Troy Which is good. It's great for the town. It's been so long with these "Prom" bands and bar things, and there's no accomplishment there except for the fact that people can get together and sound like someone else. Here, we can sound like ourselves-- and that's great.

GRAJ00B [to Mike G] Do you have a girlfriend?

Mike G No, I don't.

GRAJ00B From the lyrics, it seemed like you had a girlfriend, but you didn't know if you wanted to stay with her...

Mike W Yeh, there's a lot of influences of girls in his writing-- at one point there was.

Troy Sexual references.

28 Songs

of

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GRJ008 *Do you plan on staying together and making albums and stuff in the future?*

Troy *We'll be together for years.*

Mike G *Maybe. We'll just see.*

Dave *None of us are really out there busting our asses, trying to get a record deal. I think the way we all feel about it is: If it happens, it happens.*

Troy *That's fine with me. Something might happen to us—I don't know.*

Dave *At this point in time, we're all a little more involved in school, and we're not really planning on being "musicians."*

Mike W *I don't think any of us want it as our main job.*

GRJ008 *Really?*

Mike W *It would be fun to do as something on the side. For me, especially.*

GRJ008 *So, what do you want to do?*

Mike W *I'm in pre-med.*

Troy *And I'm kind of studying aviation. I want to be a commercial pilot. But, that's in time. I think there's plenty of time to get a lot done in this thing, and this here is something we could do.*

GRJ008 *So, your heart lies in aviation and pre-med—*

Troy *Not right now.*

Mike W *Mine does—* To me, the band is just something really fun to do on weekends. I don't want to be *five-ive*—

GRJ008 *What if there was a record company executive at the show tonight?*

Troy *If the possibility's there, we'd probably jump. I mean, really jump!*

Dave *That's the thing—we're all really young. I'm almost twenty-one, and I'm the oldest of the bunch. So, if something like that happened to come along, the average band would probably play out in nine years—that's a high figure. So, we'd all have plenty of time to go back to school and really start our lives then.*

Mike G *Yeh. I don't want to depend on it—but it's there.*

Troy *I think more about playing because I work out at the airport and I see all the pilots walk by, and they all got grey hair. And this is the thing of youth—we can do it right now. I wouldn't mind spending my twenties doing this. I wouldn't mind it a bit. In fact, I just might. And with the longevity we might have here, that could happen.*

Dave *Yeh. None of us are going anywhere. No one's going away to school. So it could be four or five or maybe even ten more years. But we might get sick of each other between now and tonight.*

GRJ008 *This tape that you put out— is it just a demo?*

Troy *I wouldn't call it—*

Dave *Yeh, basically. We are selling it. They got copies inside that we sell.*

Troy *We kind of made it for ourselves.*

[I think I have enough for the interview, and try to end it]

GRJ008 *Have you got anything else you want to say?*

[pause]

Troy *John 3:19—*

Who else is gonna be in your magazine?

GRJ008 *I've got Theatre of Ice. Have you heard of them?*

Dave *I have.*

Troy *They played at Cinema.*

Dave *I understand that it was a really sad affair.*

GRJ008 *If was. I was there— they had, like, five people show up.*

Troy *At Cinema?*

GRJ008 *Yeh. They didn't start 'til 11:30.*

Mike G *Who else was playing?*

GRJ008 *Clocks.*

Mike G *They played after us at the Ogden thing.*

Troy *And Laura, from KRCL, got up and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome the Clocks!"—when she was supposed to introduce us.*

Dave *Yeh. And Mike goes, "Da Neighbors, you fool!" Right up there on the stage!*

Troy *But it's funny, 'cos that same girl, we saw at that gig at Cinema— She was singing along with our stuff. It's kind of funny. That's good when you see people singing. Or when you see people with that look in their eyes.*

Dave *We get a lot of airplay on the radio.*

GRJ008 *Where?*

Dave *KRCL.*

GRJ008 *Are they pretty good about playing people?*

Mike W *Yeh.*

Dave *If you get on their good side— Gardening at Night.*

Mike W *They have to like you. You don't have to brown-nose or anything. If they like you, you're in. If they don't like you, you don't have a chance.*

Mike G *That's right.*

GRJ008 *So, you have to actually go to the radio station, and become friends with them?*

Dave *No, you just drop your tape in their box, and they'll listen to it.*

Troy *If it's good quality, and they like it, then they'll put it on.*

Dave *We listen to the radio, and we know who does our kind of stuff, so we give them a tape. Gary, of Gardening at Night, started playing us last October or September. He played us pretty frequently, so other people were hearing it. And Mark Jackson used to play us.*

Troy *John Bray.*

Dave *John Bray plays us on Phono Synthesis—that's Friday night. And Steve Conner plays us on Wednesday Drive Time. And Jason Piggott has a tape, but I don't know if he's played us or not.*

GRJ008 *Was KRCL the first radio station you were on?*

Mike W *First and only.*

Troy *I'll tell ya, the first time I heard us, I was in the McDonalds drive through. I heard Mike got in touch with KRCL, so I flipped through the dials, and all of a sudden, "Finally—" came on, and I drove up to the drive-through, going, "aaah!" It's great!*

GRJ008 *I bet it would be.*

Troy *'Cos when you're on the radio, you have the option of listening to all the other shit that's on the radio, and listening to all the static; and then it clicks, and there's something you've done. And you know that there ain't one place in the valley where you can't hear it. That's good. I like that.*

Mike W *It's quite a rush. It's always good to hear yourself on the radio.*

Troy *And there's good talk. And people request it, too, which is real good.*

GRJ008 *Have you got fans that write to you, or anything?*

Mike G *No.*

Mike W *We have a couple groupies— a couple mainstays.*

GRJ008 *It seems like the majority of the people who come out to the "alternative" shows in town, are friends, etc of the bands.*

Mike W *Yeh.*

Troy *We played Cinema back in February, and eighty percent of the people there were, like, old friends.*

Dave *Yeh, a lot of it was. We had a pretty good turn-out there. And then we opened for Mojo Nixon. The admission was \$7— \$8 at the door.*

Troy *They had capacity.*

Dave *Very few of our friends came to see it 'cos they thought, "Fuck, they're playing next week for \$3." But they did sell out that show, so a lot of people saw us that hadn't seen us before.*

GRJ008 *What kind of response did you get?*

Troy *Real good.*

Dave *We sold some tapes. We sold all that we had out, but one.*

GRJ008 *How many tapes, all together, have you sold?*

Dave *Probably around ten. It's not like any big-ass thing, but still—*

GRJ008 *At least people are out there listening.*

Dave *Yeh.*

Troy *It's not so much the financial thing; but so long as some guy's driving along with a Da Neighbors tape in his car—that's great.*

Mike W *And we didn't get jeered off the stage.*

Dave *At first, we did—it was funny. 'Cos at Mojo, they're like, "Oh, Fuck! There's an opening band. I don't know that. God!" And then we started playing, and they were like, "Well, these guys are cool!"*

Troy *And people were movin'.*

Dave *They were dancing and having a good time— After the show, Mojo comes in and just plops down, bare-ass naked in a chair!*

Troy *Yeh. I walk out of the bathroom, and I'm staring right at him!*

Dave *Yeh. Like— FUCK!*

Troy *He's like, "Hey! You boys got any beer here?"*

Mike G *Yeh. They had some Hires root beer and some Budweiser.*

Troy *They gave us some Bud.*

Dave *Skid Roper was a nice man, and their roadie was the best one of the whole bunch. He was cool. He gave us the words to "Spider Man."*

[Rod returns from jamming with some people who were jamming in a room above the Word]

Mike W *We heard ya!*

Troy *Play some harp into that thing [my tape recorder]*

Rod *I'm ready. I picked up a new scale today in the car.*

Troy *We can't let the tape end before he gets out the harp.*

Rod *OK. [gets out his harmonica and plays]*

Dave *That's Sesame Street! [laughter] Isn't it?*

Rod *Yeh, it's kind of like Sesame Street. It's great blues, though! It's great blues. I think we gotta do one C blues if that's possible.*

Troy *That's cool. Wait a minute— when you're in C?*

Rod *You guys will be in C, I'll be in F. This F harp is great!*

Troy *I thought that maybe for "Spider Man," you could do your singing, then turn it over to him and you guys could pair off for your solos, and then we'll do a second little hook—*

Rod *So, that sounded okay? 'Cos I'm a little rusty—*

Mike W *[to me] So, are you guys just making your own thing?*

GRJ008 *Yeh.*

Mike W *Are you supporting yourself?*

GRJ008 *I'm supporting myself.*

Mike W *That's cool.*

Troy *Anything to improve the scene— I think the scene has come up now. And I'd like to say we're on the higher plane of it these days, you know?*

Rod *I've lived in two hot music towns, and this town is really coming along.*

Troy *It is.*

Rod *Definitely. Because everybody knows the local bands. Atlanta is a lot like that, 'cos there's some hot bands going around, and all that Athens scene comes down to Atlanta for the tour. And in New York, there's your basic bands who are low key—*

Troy *Have you ever heard the Silos?*

GRJ008 *Did you see them when they came here?*

Dave *Yeh.*

Mike G *They were so good!*

Troy *They were so damn loud— it was great!*

GRJ008 *What did you think about how their first set was from their albums—*

Troy *And then they came back and played, "Butt Fuckin'."*

GRJ008 *What did you think about that?*

Troy *That was good. It was a nice little release— you know?*

GRJ008 *It was.*

Troy *They got out there, and everyone switches places— and "Butt Fuckin'..." and then "Pussy Whipped!"*

Mike W *They were good.*

Troy *They were so loud, it was incredible!*

Rod *Do you guys have anything to drink at all?*

Troy *Should we get something?*

Rod *Maybe we should.*

ARBITRATOR

Arbitrator is: **Ry Tyler** guitar
Curtis Morrill guitar
Jeff Andersen vocals
Greg Scott drums
Brent Woodley bass

The interview begins with only Ry and Curtis present. It went something like this....

GAJ00B Where did you record your tape?

Both Anderson studios.

Curtis Stereo!

GAJ00B Do you have two guitar players?

Ry Yeh.

GAJ00B On the tape, you sound like a one-guitar band.

Ry Really?

GAJ00B 'Cos the guitars were doing basically the same thing, double-tracked.

Ry But it was different when we played soft parts, and then with rhythms and solos.

GAJ00B Did you spend a lot of time and money in the studio?

Curtis 16 hours.

Ry Two days.

GAJ00B Six songs on the tape?

Ry Yeh. We produced it, so it is, more or less, for us, a demo tape.

GAJ00B Do you plan on selling it at gigs?

Ry Yeh. We're getting it duplicated right now. So, we'll probably be getting it back in a week. Then we'll sell them in some stores. We'll make a profit. We got to sell most of them by friends, 'cos in stores you make about \$2 off a tape.

GAJ00B How do they do it in stores? Do you just set a bunch of them out?

Ry I heard you gotta bring 'em so many tapes and they make a 60 profit, you make a 40, 'cos they're selling them in their store. They probably won't be sold for more than \$5. You gotta promise them they'll sell so many tapes, so in case their store goes out of business....

GAJ00B Are you serious?

Ry Some stores—yeh. Not Starbound—I talked to them.

GAJ00B So they don't just carry it, and if it sells, great, and if it doesn't....

Ry A lot of places will do that for Salt Lake bands. They won't care. They'll just say, "Put 'em in there."

GAJ00B Are there a lot of other local bands with tapes out?

Ry Yeh. Like, at The Heavy Metal Shop, there's about five Salt Lake bands there. Starbound's got, like, five.

GAJ00B Any records?

Ry Most people don't do records any more unless someone else is paying for it.

GAJ00B I thought your singer had a good voice.

Ry Did you?

Curtis We think different sometimes.

Ry Sometimes you have to hit him. [laughter] Sometimes he gets on his little kicks.

GAJ00B There was a lot of effects.

Ry It was like, "Let's play with this one!" At, like, twelve midnight—"Oh, Fuck, man!"

GAJ00B Did you spend a lot of time on the vocals then?

Ry He mostly sang with us.

Curtis We just did it like a live recording.

GAJ00B Really?

Ry Yeh. We put boxes in front of our amps to keep the noise down so you can't really tell it's a live recording.

Curtis It sounds like a pretty decent recording.

GAJ00B It does.

Ry Fifteen bucks an hour, so.... [laughter]

I heard another recording from Sweet Sound for \$60/hour—it's about the same.

Curtis So we saved money there.

GAJ00B Have you been playing out in bars and stuff?

Curtis We're trying to play out more.

Ry We just played at the Speedway Cafe last Friday. That was alright.

Curtis We got a pretty good sound.

GAJ00B It was "alright"?

Ry Well, the first band had a lot of people, then after the 2nd band, there was nobody left. During the 3rd band, some people came back.... It wasn't a matter of people being there. At least we got to know the owner of the place, and he liked us. He said, the next major gig that comes, like, a band that's got a record deal that's signed already, we get to open up for.

GAJ00B That should be cool.

Ry Hopefully, they'll let us have a profit off their money.

GAJ00B How long have you been playing as a band?

Ry Probably about a year. Me and him [Curtis] have been together about two, two and a half; and we just got our bass player five months ago—our newest one.

GAJ00B You were in previous bands?

Ry Different versions of this same band. We had these one guys who wanted to be "glam", like Poison, and we didn't, so....

Curtis They went with it for a while, but they wanted to be really more commercial.

Ry We don't want to get up there in spandex. We're not that style.

GAJ00B So, where would you classify yourselves?

Ry We're probably as hard as Hellbender. Not lighter. We're heavier than Terra.

[Jeff arrives]

Curtis It's about time.

Ry We're done. We're just leaving.... We made some crude remarks about you.

Jeff That's okay.

GAJ00B What's your name?

Jeff Jeff Andersen

Curtis Singer.

Ry Do you want our real names or our stage names?

GAJ00B Do you have a stage name?

Ry I do. I go by Ry Tyler—(R-Y).

Jeff "Ry" what?

Ry Tyler.

Jeff "Ry Tyler"? I never heard about that.

Ry Well, you just did. I've had that for a while.

Curtis I guess Brent's not coming....

Ry Our drummer goes by one. He goes by his first and middle names.

[Greg, the drummer, and a "roadie" come in. Greg trips over the extension cord which leads to my tape recorder.]

Greg Oh, shit!

Ry You're a good one there, Greg.

Curtis Clumsy.

GAJ00B [to Greg] What's your name?

Greg What do you want, my real or stage name?

GAJ00B Which would you prefer I used?

Ry Stage.

Greg Stage, probably.

Ry Might as well start now.

Greg "Greg Scott".

GAJ00B [to "roadie"] What's your name?

Roadie I just hang out.

Jeff He's a roadie.

Ry The bass player's not here today.

Greg Yeh, he's working.

GAJ00B Who writes your songs?

Jeff Basically, me and Ryan.

Curtis Everybody writes the music it seems like.

GAJ00B What influences do you have on your music?

Ry [laughter] Me.

Jeff Bruce Dickinson—Iron Maiden.

Ry His style is Bruce Dickinson.

Greg We all have way different influences.

Ry Yeh. Like, Jeff writes about nuclear war, Greg likes Medieval, and I like....death [laughter].

Jeff Kind of like how Pink Floyd writes in whole stories, or something that makes you turn your mind around and listen to it and it actually means something—something

you're doing every day. That's kind of what I relate my stuff too.

GAJ008 What attracts you to the darker element?

Ry [Laughs]

Jeff Does it attract me?

Curtis [Assumes a voice] He's a Satan slut.

GAJ008 Well, it obviously does.

Jeff It does, kind of. But, like, both of them do. I sing about everything. I sing about the beauty and the beast—which is basically the rougher side. People think it's evil or something....it's really just the rougher side of me, I guess.

Ry That's him. Me, I don't give a shit what anybody says. I'm evil altogether, so that's what I write about. Who cares what you think? That's me. If you can't handle lyrics based on that, go listen to Country. I don't have a guitar hero—I'm mean, and my lyrics come from my attitude.

Curtis We listen to everything there is, just about. Except for Country.

Jeff I listen to Classical and Jazz....Blues.

Ry I like Madonna, Space music.

GAJ008 Is this a career for you guys?

Ry Yes.

Curtis Hopefully.

Ry I'm the one who invented the word, "starving musician." I have no money. All of it goes.

Jeff We could have invented it, anyway. I think we're too determined not to make it 'cos we've been together for about a year....

Ry If I don't make it, I'm gonna be a bum down by the Speedway Cafe. You'll see me there next year by the Save Jesus mission.

Greg Our music has evolved. If you heard our earlier stuff, you probably would have shot us, but I think we're too determined not to make it. We've evolved so much in one year it's almost sickening.

Ry I have. I've been playing guitar for over five years—but not good until about a year and half, 'cos you just can't play good on shitty equipment. I didn't even know how to play solos until last year.

Jeff We've been playing four days a week for about a year and a half....almost two years.

Curtis No, only a year.

Jeff Year and a half.

Greg About a year and a half for me. A year for you [Jeff] probably.

Jeff Last February.... a year from February.

Curtis Okay, a year and a half!

Ry [Sarcastically] Let's argue about it!

Greg Okay! Who cares? Fuck it!

Curtis Who knows how long I've had to see your ugly face?

Ry Every day.

Curtis Too many times—that's all I know.

Jeff We're legally married.

GAJ008 Are you guys on the radio?

Greg Yeh. They're playing us on Z-Rock.

GAJ008 How was it, the first time you heard yourselves?

Greg We all shit a brick! We jumped in the car like it was holy or something.

Ry I heard it once at five o'clock in the morning, and I thought I was dreaming, 'cos I was up all night. I thought I pushed my cassette in.... "That's the radio!"—so I went to jam it.... "Oh! My parents are asleep."

Curtis It was on, the other day.

Jeff It's a good feeling to have people come up and say, "I heard you on the radio."

GAJ008 Are you friends of the Z-Rock people?

Ry No.... There was no one there at the receptionist's desk, so we just handed the tape to someone in the back room.

Greg Ryan just took the tape back there and said, "You can play it if you want." And I guess they listened to it, and must have liked it a little bit, 'cos they started playing it quite a bit, right after we took it in.

Jeff Yeh, they played it less than 24 hours after we took it in.

Greg I had a lot of people say they heard it a lot. We're gonna go in there and see if

they'll play some more of our songs.

GAJ008 Do you have much of a following yet?

Greg Our following is about 20 people.

Ry We're not really into people who all they want to do is party and girls. We want to get up there and play-- not sit on our butts. We want to do something about it.

Jeff That's basically what's happening in the Salt Lake area: "We'll just get fancied up. If we sound half good, we'll get the girls, we'll get the beer and we'll just go party. This is what a musician's supposed to be, isn't it?"

Greg They're going for the, "Let's dress up and go to practice for a year, so we can all look the same. Then, after we get our dress code down, we can start playing music." And we're like, "Let's get the fuckin' music down; and then, if it's good, then we'll worry about dressing up."

GAJ008 Are you playing all originals?

Ry Yeh.

Greg The only time we play copy tunes is when we're fuckin' around.

Ry To get out of a rut if it gets boring.

GAJ008 Just spontaneous? Or do you have some that you play?

Jeff It's more like screwin' around.

Ry Sometimes we'll come up with songs three times in a row, where we'll make up new songs, and other times.... after every show, it's like we don't want to play any more.

Curtis We take a break for a week, maybe a couple days, to get new ideas.

Greg Like last night, all we did was play each other's instruments just to take a break from the monotony of it.

GAJ008 How many songs do you have?

Ry Ten.

Jeff We usually keep a ten-song set.

Ry We have more, but we get rid of them.

Greg Every time we get a new song, we got some older ones we're kind of iffy about if we've been playing them a while, so we discard them.

Ry We need to get into some heavier stuff. Get away from the softer stuff for a while. All the beginnings.

GAJ008 Do you have any plans to go into the studio again?

Ry This time, we want someone to produce us. Let them pay for it! We'll probably go in, in the near future. If we like the songs, we'll probably cut eight. Since they got the money to pay for it, we'll go into a more expensive one and spend more time—depending on how much money.

GAJ008 So, you're looking for a producer?

Ry That's down the road a little bit. We want to find an agent first. I've tried, but we've got to find someone that knows the business deals and can get you to play everywhere. There's supposed to be some kind of certificate that can get under 21 into bars to play, but I have no idea where to get them, so....

GAJ008 Are you all under 21?

Greg Me and Jeff and Brent are 17, and these two [Ry and Curtis] are 19.

GAJ008 [to Greg] Are you still in High School then?

Greg Yeh.

Curtis Still little babies.

Ry I'll be 20 next month.

Curtis Gettin' old.

Ry That's right. If I don't make it by 21, I'll go join the Mafia or something. Got another year.

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We will have to repent in this generation not merely for the hateful words and actions of the bad people, but for the appalling silence of the good people.

--Martin Luther King

If we believe in absurdities, we shall commit atrocities.

--Voltaire

Theatre of Ice, from Provo, but not from Provo, has been in existence since June 1983; beginning one boring day when the Johnson brothers decided to buy musical instruments and play music. Suggestions to make a tape followed. Then, much to their surprise, came a sort of critical acclaim—and more tapes. They've received rave reviews in publications ranging from *Option* to *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*.

Brent Johnson is the only Johnson brother to remain from the original all-brother line-up. Dale Garrard joined in 1985. Friends and others came and went until we have the present-day Theatre of Ice:

Brent Johnson	vocals
Dale Garrard	lead guitar, vocals
George	bass, keyboards, vocals
Richard	drums
Craig	rhythm guitar, vocals

All were present for the following interview, which took place on the day of their *Cinema In Your Face* show. John(?) from the band, *Clocks*, was also present, as the interview was being conducted in the building where they practice.

GAJOOB Well, do you just want to do it?

BRENT Okay. [to John] It's got to be better than the interview you did.

John What interview?

BRENT Don't you remember? You tried to interview us that one time.

John Yeh.

BRENT You cooked these burgers made out of a dead animal.

John It was elk. It was good! Brent, got sick. First, he tells me he eats meat religiously, then he...

BRENT I wasn't feeling well or something.

John Well, it wasn't the elk—that's for sure.

BRENT It was the combination of Easter egg candy, chocolate milk, and...

John That's right, you got all those rotten Easter eggs.

BRENT Yeh...that interview never saw the light of day.

GAJOOB [I pull out the insert to TOI's "Houseblood" cassette] First off, I want to know what kind of paper this is.

BRENT That's just regular paper, covered with plastic. You know—the regular contact paper you buy in a store? You just roll a sheet out, lay the covers on it, and smash 'em down and out 'em up. It's kind of like laminating. It costs like \$2.50 for a roll of it. You can do probably close to 50 covers on a regular sheet. So it comes to about three cents per cover—five cents or three cents...a little extra expense.

John Did you see our tape over at Raunch?

BRENT Uh-uh. Is it over there?

John It should be.

GAJOOB What kind of music do you guys play?

John We don't play music.

GAJOOB You don't?

BRENT They're just obnoxious. But they're not quite up to the likes of Psychodrama.

John We aspire to be.

BRENT This is an aside, but you know how Psychodrama uses everybody else's music in the background? What was a great compliment to us: last Psychodrama tape I got in the mail, they had stolen some of our music! This is like, we finally made it! Psychodrama stealing our tapes—it's great! He was doing some kind of an orgasmic chant to it. Pretty interesting.

GAJOOB How long have you been playing?

BRENT The band started in 1983. The first couple of tapes are really noisy 'cos there's a very minimal amount of musical ability. In fact, *Mouseblood* is about in the middle, and the stuff we're doing now is better, as far as musical ability.

GAJOOB How did you record? Did you record it at home, on a 4-track?

BRENT Yeh, that's recorded at home. A couple are live. "Chill Factor" is recorded on a Sony boom box sitting off to the side. Actually, that song is ad libbed. A couple songs on *Mouseblood* were like we sat down and just started playing. We didn't have any words. We kind of had a general idea of where we wanted to go, and we ad libbed it. That's like tonight's show. About half the songs are songs we've played quite a bit, so we have them down, and some of the other ones are songs that have never been played live—ever. They were meant to be recorded, but never played. So that's why we're kind of anxious to come up here and practice. You know, it's one thing to sit down and record a song—I can put my part down, and Dale can put his guitar to it, or whatever, but it's never been played as a group. And then you hear it in your mind and on tape a few times, and that's it.

DALE In fact, we did some pieces when I was living in Japan and he was living here; and he would put vocals on here, and then send it, and I'd put my part on and send it back to him.

BRENT And that's probably our best tape.

GAJOOB You did a whole tape like that?

BRENT Pretty much. Some of the stuff was done when we were in Provo together, but probably the best tracks are when he was living in Japan.

John What tape is your favorite?

BRENT *Love Is Like Dying*—*Mouseblood* was supposed to be our last one.

DALE I'm not even on that one.

BRENT My brother, Mark, was getting married, so it was like, the band's breaking up. The guys we had playing with us—this one guy who was really strange, he said we were too "evil", and so he left to go to L.A. to play in a Christian rock band, and he, like, o.d.'d on heroin or something. And another guitarist he had was this long-haired guy who was always drunk and drinking—he was just a waste. We even had this show we were supposed to play, and he didn't even show up. So me and John just decided to bug it, and that was the end of it. And I thought, "What the heck, I'll make this tape."

GAJOOB It's a great tape. Why don't you give me a history of the band, while we're at it.

BRENT Actually, it was about five years ago, on this very day [June 11, 1988], I sent away some box tops and got an electric guitar.... Actually, what it was, this band started, it was Summer time, 1983, kind of boring, nothing to do, Fallon, Nevada. I bought an electric guitar, my brother bought a drum set, my other brother bought an electric guitar—and we decided, "What the heck, let's start a band." So we started making a whole lot of noxious noise, and people said, "Oh, it's an Industrial band." We didn't know what that meant, but that was fine with us—we could be an "Industrial band." We played a few times and some guy said, "Why don't you make a tape?" We put a tape together, sent it out—but we had no intentions of ever doing it again—just made the one tape. But, lo and behold, there were a lot of people who were stupid enough to buy it. It was incredible. People liked it! And we thought, well, it must be good.

GAJOOB So what did you do? Send it to magazines?

BRENT Oh, yeh. Back then, OP was the big one, and a few others. We sent it out to five or six magazines, got some real good reviews. Back in 1983 there wasn't that many bands doing cassettes. Like now, everybody and their dog makes a cassette. And, laughingly, we made, like, 200 copies of it, figuring that would last about a thousand years—you know? We'd have 'em for our kids. And they went really fast, they were gone quick! So we decided, since our best songs weren't even on this tape, to do a second one. Then, before you know it, we had a real band—kind of. [Brent points to the other band members] This was before them. The thing was, we just kept doing little tapes, and slowly the equipment got better and we started learning how to play, and then we just kind of broke up, like I said, and came to Utah. Dale tried to pick up on my brother's girlfriend one night—so we met Dale. You'll have to ask Dale how he came to be hooked up with us.

DALE I don't even remember.

BRENT I think he had nothing better to do.

DALE Yeh. I was in a band. They heard me play. I met Sharen. She said she knew this guy with some equipment.

John What did she mean by that?

DALE I went over to check it out. She said, "Meet my infamous brother—he records stuff, maybe you can do some stuff together." We got to his studio and decided to see what we could do. We recorded some stuff, and liked it; and Brent stuck it on a tape.

BRENT They recorded some backing tracks, then I tortured them, and some of them ended up nowhere near what they were intended to be. They had a couple really pretty guitar duets that I added thrash drumming and screaming to that sounded good, I thought, but John didn't like that one.

DALE No.

BRENT But that was it, if I remember. We didn't really intend to keep the band going, but were just kind of all around. Didn't really do anything with it. We were just all around Provo, but didn't really do anything with it.

DALE Yeh...That Summer, he was leaving, and I had to take care of the mail, and I recorded with some other guys. That was some of the best music that Summer—while Brent was gone.

[laughter]

BRENT But I had to come back. The band wasn't really a band from about 1985-1987. Which was like every once in a while we would kind of get together and put some stuff down. It would be like Dale said—somebody would lay down a drum part and a guitar part, and about a month later somebody else would add, like, another guitar, and maybe another month later somebody would put vocals. Like "Gone With the Worms."

DALE That was a long job.

BRENT It kind of went back and forth. I put down vocals and a drum and a backing guitar, and he had the lead guitar, then I redid the vocals, then he redid something, and it went back and forth a couple times until we had it finished....

I guess the first live show we did after that period of time was the infamous....

ALL [in unison] Ogden gig!

BRENT We had no drummer, so we used the percussion section of the *Clocks*.

John And you guys didn't know the song!

BRENT There was me and Dale....

John I was going, "G - D - E. Come on!"

BRENT We dredged up the guy who played keyboards for us back in about 1984. He happened to be in Idaho, so he came down. And Craig was Dale's friend, so we sucked him into it. And that was it.

DALE Some of the recordings of that gig were released on a tape.

BRENT Yeh...Actually, it had some pretty good....it was different, you know?

John I thought it was pretty good.

DALE I liked the way it turned out on the tape. It was beautiful. It was pure art.

BRENT Yeh.... It breaks up the regular, monotonous, guitar-type stuff.

GEORGE Guitar and kick snare.

BRENT Yeh, it's good because you can't really hear anybody but my vocals.

[laughter]

John Your voice was trashed. We should have recorded the practice we had here—that was a lot better.

BRENT I was thinking, after I heard it, some of those songs sounded great being trashed like that. I sounded like an old blues singer on some of them.

John Janis Joplin.

BRENT It was really good. In fact, I'm anxious to trash my voice tonight.

GAJOOB So does that bring us up to date?

BRENT Yeh. We released the "In the Attic" 7" two months ago. We're hoping to release one in about another month—we have two songs we're just dying to record.

GAJOOB Going into the studio?
BRENT Yeh. They'll only take about an hour, 'cos they're songs, like, you know, "Let's just go do 'em."

GAJOOB Is that how you do most of your songs when you go into a studio-live?

DALE The last few we've done have been songs we've done at quite a few shows and have sort of been pretty well rehearsed.

CRAIG We recorded them ourselves though.

DALE Oh, yeh.

BRENT Yeh, we don't believe in experts—but basically, track by track; and not even in one sitting.

John We do all our tapes mostly live—just put out a couple mixes.

GAJOOB Do you guys play around?

John Are you swingers?

BRENT Hey! You know, these guys do, and I try, but it's easy for the guitarist—that's what's funny.

CRAIG Girls want the guitar players, don't they?

BRENT But, the thing is, if I was doing a different kind of music—sweeter stuff—but I do this tortured stuff, and you're screaming and yelling, and they figure it's got to be real.

John Isn't it?

BRENT Naw, it's not real.

GEORGE He's disillusioned everyone

[laughter]

BRENT [pointing to Craig] He kills his girlfriend. [Craig sings a tongue-in-cheek song about killing his girlfriend] I just bury them. But that's it—girls are scared. They get scared.

GEORGE They want the bass players though—they do.

BRENT I didn't realize it, but they say they make wierd faces when I sing too. I guess I got to be sweeter and smile at the girls.

But that wasn't the question, right?

Last time we played as Theatre of Ice live was November 1987. Last night we played a couple songs. We play tonight. And we play Monday night—and Monday might be the last time we'll play live...maybe forever.

CRAIG You never know.

BRENT Yeh, that's it. I don't really like to play live—and you'll see why tonight.

[laughter]

It doesn't give me a thrill.

DALE That's 'cos you don't play with the women.

BRENT You see, that's the problem. These guys are musicians—they can play instruments. I can't use instruments. I can't sit down and play "Sweet Home Alabama" or anything. So these guys have, like, a dance band too, on the side. Actually, maybe Theatre of Ice is on the side of their dance band. But Theatre of Ice doesn't play that much.

GEORGE But when they do...boy, it's good!

GAJOOB So you guys just take it as it comes... How do you see yourselves five years from now?

RICHARD Five years older.

BRENT Dale will be a game show host for The Dating Game. George will cut his hair and be married to a nice BYU coed. Richard will be a used car salesman...

RICHARD No—a professional surfer.

BRENT That's even better. And Craig, I guess, will wax his board... But Craig's the married one. You ought to talk to him—he's the only one who has a real life.

John That's why he kills his girlfriend—so his wife won't find out.

CRAIG That's a good idea.

John Aren't you the guys that are going to reorganize the LDS church and take it over in five years?

BRENT My brother thinks he'll be the prophet some day.

GAJOOB Are you active in the LDS church?

BRENT We're all faithful, returned missionaries—which is an interesting, little-known fact.

John Wasn't that in *Sporadic Droolings*?

[laughter]

I'm curious... Do you believe that plural marriage is correct?

GEORGE At that time, yeh.

John He didn't ever renounce it.

BRENT He was dead.

John It was a political move by the church to renounce it.

BRENT That's a cop-out. That's easy to say.

John That's easy to say because it's true.

BRENT But also, political laws supercede it, since this is an earthly state we're in now.

RICHARD You have to follow political laws.

John So why are people who follow that new and everlasting covenant persecuted by the Mormon church?

BRENT Because they're bad, I guess.

[laughter]

John You guys talk like missionaries. You do.

BRENT The thing is, people persecute who they want. You can't blame the Mormon church. I can be as prejudiced as I want to be about something—that doesn't make the Mormon church prejudiced. But I'm just a stupid person—I like Psychodrama.

[laughter]

GAJOOB Is there a statement you're trying to make as Theatre of Ice?

BRENT There was at one time, and it's lost. But a lot of the statement has to do with different inferences. Everything doesn't have to be so black and white, as you perceive it. There's good and evil in everything. That almost sounded profound, but the thing is, you don't have to take everything so seriously either—but there are a lot of serious things out there. I don't know the point I'm trying to make... But, originally, we had a lot of anti-technology rhetoric, which comes from them wanting to take up all this space with some super-collider or something—all kinds of junk in Utah, Nevada, Arizona... There's all this campy, horror movie stuff...but probably the greatest horror there is going to be anyway is going to be annihilation. And if it's like it is in the movies, we'll all come back as mutants and it's gonna be Hell, 'cos these guys will never get girls, then.

John "Mutant Parade"

BRENT "Mutant Parade" is actually about mutants that are with us all the time.

John Really? That's interesting.

GEORGE I thought it was about homosexuals.

BRENT It has nothing to do with nuclear war. "Mutants are with us all the time." It was just funny, you know? A lot of our songs get started on one phrase. Like, "Gone With the Worms." I thought that sounded cool, so I made a song around it. "Mutant Parade"—I heard something by Anita Bryant or something. She made some stupid comments, and the whole song just came from that. It was kind of funny. But, we're done with that question.

RICHARD Ask George about his love life.

BRENT That'll take weeks.

GEORGE I can't help it.

BRENT It's sad... I have the nice haircut and everything, and nobody talks to me after the shows.

GEORGE Thank you.

WHAT DID
SHE REALLY
MEAN WHEN
SHE SAID,
"HI"



Another Letter I Never Sent

Dear Darin,

Are you any closer to making the great escape from good 'ol Happy Valley? Anything to get out of that stagnant, brain-dung heap of decaying, morally righteous ineptitude, I say. I guess you do know how hard it's going to be living in L.A. It costs so fucking much out there! But don't let people talk you out of it with that tired rationalization. If you've got a dream—go for it. It's that simple—but so difficult.

Things like food you can always get, but fallen dreams are lifetime scars that are forever lost (never regained) but not forgotten. They lay over everything you might subsequently do, and they make it all cheap and shallow and not worth it.

Just look at the people you choose to admire. Those people all have qualities that are in you. Qualities that, with a little (okay, maybe a lot) of nurturing, are able to blossom and bear fruit, and help you become the person you want to be. There's absolutely nothing worse than becoming the person LIFE makes ~~you~~ you out to be rather than giving life to the person you really are. Everybody has doubts and small failures, but you never really fail as long as you keep on struggling along the pathway to your dreams—but as soon as you quit, that's exactly the moment you fail.

It's hard to be heroic and dream, because the whole damn world will scorn you and mock you. But don't you think they're simply scorn themselves for having given up on what it is you are not giving up on?

So don't give up, Darin. I've always had the strongest feeling that you have a special kind of spark and determination. A determination I often feel I lack. You have lofty ambitions, and they're worthy of your every effort. Do what you want, because, after all, that's what makes you happy. And doing what you want makes you the person we all care about.

When my grandpa was dying in the hospital, he said that being happy and enjoying life were all that really mattered; and it's true, as obvious as it may seem to say it. It seems like everywhere you look, people are bold-faced in their denial of granting themselves the joy of even that. It seems that they will do anything to avoid looking happiness and peace of mind in the eye and doing battle with the obstacles that stand in the way of these.

Do battle, Darin. And I, for one, truly hope for your success. It gives me a little hope, in spite of whatever else there might be. But then, though despair will constantly try our souls, despair isn't really worth the bother, is it?



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True danger is when liberty is nibbled away for expedients.
--Edmund Burke

Those who make peaceful revolution [consumption of justice] impossible will make violent revolution inevitable.
--John F. Kennedy

There are more instances of the abridgment of the freedom of the people by gradual and silent encroachments of those in power than by violent and sudden usurpation.
--James Madison

The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning but without understanding.
--Louis D. Brandeis

They who can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.
--Benjamin Franklin

The Constitution

Have you ever participated in a protest? I hadn't; but when Ed Meese came to town to accept an award for being this year's champion defender of the Constitution, I just had to join the unruly fray.

I'll refrain from launching into a personal diatribe against the man. I will say, however, that it is more than just a little frightening to contemplate the make-up of any mind that would want to honor Mr. Ed for, of all things, defending our hallowed national standard. It seems to me that the little Meister, like so many others of his ilk (cronies that old father Ronnie seems to attract like flies), considers the Constitution to be as pliable as the whims of his flatulent self-righteousness; useful only to the degree that he can use it (or abuse it) to defend our nation's boundaries (within and without) from what he sees to be any threatening menace (threatening only to those who have privilege and can purchase his protection with such). Evil things like drugs and communism. Horrible things like sagging profit margins and poisoned fortunes. And, of course, that terrible scourge of humankind: the free press.

It was fascinating to be a part of this little demonstration against such a grotesque display of status-quo worship. I would think that anyone who stopped for just a moment to think about the prospect of honoring this man with such a distinction would be unable to lift their weighty, eye-dazzling brochures for being overcome with a tremendous urge to either laugh uncontrollably, or just plain vomit.

My Bleeding Heart

My heart bleeds
My heart feeds on things it doesn't need
It's a calculating whore
Feeding on things it doesn't need
While I bleed, it feeds
And sometimes I feel its feeding on me
And I feel it feeding
And I feel it bleeding
And I feel it needing something more
Something more than me

& Mr. Ed

When I arrived at the demonstration, I saw more peaceniks than I would have thought could possibly exist within the confines of the Zion curtain, under the thorny halo of the Reagan years. They brought their children too! All these pleasant, smiling, hippy hold-outs, with pig noses strapped to their faces, passing out flyers for still more planned protests against war, pollution, nuclear technology and the infringement upon our right to destroy our brain cells with marijuana; with all of them saying how wonderful and unbelievable it was that something like this could happen in Salt Lake City-- and then grinning glassy-eyed at every virgin protestor who joined our happy gathering. I swear, they were literally prancing with glee and cheering comrade-like at every car horn that honked its support for us.

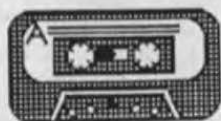
This was not what I had expected. I had been approached by someone in line with the punk image who had told me that this demonstration was being organized by punks, to finally stand up behind all their seemingly endless ranting and raving about society's ills-- and finally attempt to do something about them. I had visions of an angry mob shouting obscene epithets at the unsuspecting function-goers and their cobweb-encrusted sense of life (dead as it may be). I came prepared to be chased down by baton-wielding policemen through a sea of tear gas and bitter frustration, only to spend the weekend huddled in some dark corner of a dingy jail cell, choking on the smell of urine and fighting off the unrelenting passes of a horde of homicidal, maniacal cell mates. I guess I was a little relieved, even though my diary could stand a small amount of living up.

All in all, it seemed like a good time was had by all-- but what did we accomplish? Well, probably nothing really concrete and tangible. But I got to see myself on channel 4. I surprised some of the people I work with. And I've got some really neat signs stuck in a very borderline subversive manner, behind the headboard of my bed. Mainly, though, I think there's something uniquely satisfying in doing a thing simply because you think it's the right thing to do.

By the way, does anyone know where I can find some groovy love beads, some far-out incense, and the courage to grow some seriously funky side-burns?



reviews



Warning: the following reviews are the subjective opinion of one individual at a certain point in time. It is my opinion that artistic criticism is inherently invalid, because no one can truly know all the motivations that guide an artist to express himself or herself the way he or she does; and the nature of Art itself is that its action takes place inside and separate from every other individual, and therefore cannot be explained in mere words on paper. Having said that, the following reviews attempt to explain how each of these works effected me, personally-- for those of you who are interested in such things.

LISTENERS' CHOICE

Ⓢ NONE OTHER
The Path of Least Resistance
Corrosive Bumble Bee Tapes

Mike Carlson and Chad Lawrence make up this keyboard and digital effects based outfit. On the cover of this tape is a quote by John Cage, circa 1937: "I believe that the use of noise to make music will continue and increase until we reach a music produced through the aid of electrical instruments that will make available for musical purposes any and all sounds that can be heard." **NONE OTHER** fits into this concept well, although the over-presence of catchy melodies belies an influence from popular music too. The lyrics focus on a variety of subjects: political interest peddling and Capitalistic power-money hunger; the fulfillment of old wives' tales, shooting missionaries and their ilk, despair juxtaposed with innocence.... But it's the sounds that are the focus here, really. Some of the songs border on noise and confusion while others are melodic and concise in their structure. The tape comes with a lyric sheet and all the pertinent info for those of us who like knowing those things. (\$3, Corrosive Bumble Bee Tapes, P. O. Box 1601, SLC, UT 84110-1601)

Ⓢ THEATRE OF ICE
Love.... is like dying
Orphanage

Side Alpha of this tape skirts the dare-you-to-like this territory a little too closely, but side Omega is absolutely great! The thrash songs are derivative thrash (most thrash is though), but most of the songs on this tape aren't and therefore manage to avoid any fables.

Listening to this, I got the impression that these Provoans were truly attempting to bring something out of themselves that had not been brought out by other people. At the same time, they don't fall into the trap of being simply original for originality's sake. If you want a tape that truly shows the possibilities of independent taping, get this one. But be prepared: 'doom pop' from returned Mormon missionaries is a pretty scary concept if you think about it. (\$5, Orphanage, P.O. Box 315, 1702 W. Camelback, Phoenix, AZ 85015)

Ⓢ THEATRE OF ICE
Mouse Blood
Orphanage

This tape is a compilation of songs from **THEATRE OF ICE**'s earlier releases, 'as chosen by haters of the band.' Even though it is a compilation it seems much more focused than *Love.... is like dying*—at least musically. The brothers Johnson have created an admittedly demented tape that is, however, accessible in style and structure. This would be a good starting point for those who have yet to explore the shadowy reaches this band chooses to habitate. (\$5, Orphanage, P.O. Box 315, 1702 W. Camelback, Phoenix, AZ 85015)

Ⓢ THOSE ONE GUYS
Love and Blood
Allagun Productions

This tape was recorded in James Groutage's state of the art home-based studio in Logan. Loud, modulated snare driven drums, up-front guitars and down back synthesizers are the rule here. Dan Gill's guitar work

shines throughout. The Brad and Tom ('No, we're not brothers') Armstrong rhythm section is competent and varied. Darby O'Darby's and Dan Gill's vocals suit the material well, occupying the modern guitar rock category (John Cougar Mellencamp, Bruce Springsteen etc.), along with a touch of reggae. Lyrical themes range from political alienation to love--love, eventually gaining the upper hand. You'd be very hard-pressed to find a better technically sounding independent tape than this anywhere; but, the thoughtfully constructed lyrics notwithstanding, I can't help hoping for a little more daring exploration from people who have enough obvious talent to make listening to such exploration very rewarding. Don't get me wrong: this is very good for what it is. But that's all it is. (Allegro Productions)

Ⓢ DA NEIGHBORS
Suburbia

Mike Graves writes personal songs about change and indecision. There are emotions being explored here that, for the writer, seem cathartic but ultimately unsatisfying. And forever whirling around and throughout this is a lot of wonderful music, played with intensity and feeling. The style is not unique. **REX** and a host of others are covering the same ground, but thanks to Graves' lyrical depth, **DA NEIGHBORS** avoid being just another jungle clone. In song after song you'll find hooks you can sing to, and chord changes and phrasings that will challenge you. 'The Corner' and 'As Soon As I Get What I Want' are stand-outs, but this tape is thick with little and big pleasures that are added to with each successive exposure. (Dave Latham, (801) 277-5750)

FRED'S HELL
Fairbanks, Alaska
S&L 1988
June 1988
8.5 X 7 (24 pages)

arts, literature, politics, music, etc.
This 'zine has a wonderfully loose, everybody's welcome kind of a feel to it. As with most others, any and all contributions are very, very welcome. Dark prose, dark poetry, lots of collage zerox art, 'zine reviews, support for NORM and Amnesty International. I think one barometer of whether a 'zine is good is whether it makes you want to contribute something of yourself to it. I think I'll do just that. (25 cents plus postage \$1 should cover it). Fred's Hell, P.O. Box 82435, Fairbanks, Alaska 99708)

GROWING
Sandy, Utah
Duncan
Fall 1988
8.5 X 11 (20 pages and inserts)
arts and literature

It took Duncan 5 months to compile this issue, and much thought and effort shows. Interviews with The Stench, a couple East coast bands, and Fred Friese. Lots of artwork which consists of drawings as opposed to zerox art. Lots of poetry too. A couple movie reviews and some tape reviews. Lights on politics but there is some. I liked this 'zine a lot, especially the Fred Friese interview because it was insightful even though I don't consider myself an artist or anything. (Free @ Raunch or write Duncan, 4946 West Point Way, West Valley City, Utah 84120)

N-CETERAS
Boise, Idaho
Nina Nishit
1988
8.5 X 11 (20 pages and inserts)
politics and hardcore music

Very, very heavy on politics of an anti-nuclear and a meat is murder nature. Seems that Nina spent a few months moving through Germany. There are articles here auf Deutsch, in French and in English. Only being mono-lingual myself, I don't really go for the multi-lingual format, even though I can see how it might promote a bringing together of diverse cultures and all that. I don't know. I guess it's pretty cool. All the interviews are conducted with such a heavy anti-meat/clothing/etc. stance though that the points becomes belabored I'm afraid. Well intentioned, I'm sure. (Nina Nishit, 1533 North 15th, Boise, ID 83702. (208) 345-2239)

UNCLE FESTER
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Jake Wisely
Summer 1988
8.5 X 11 (36 pages)
punk/rock 'n' roll

14
This 'zine is crammed chalk full of band interviews and record reviews by a guy who is more than obviously very much into the music. If he likes something he's adamant about it! The artists in issue #14 included The Splacats, Dee Dee Ramona, The Leaving Trains, Naked Raygun, The Godfathers, Gang Green, Genocide, The Del Lords and GG Allin. There were also a couple cool 'Terres' and 'Baboon Doolley' comics. Jake's also the editor of a newer 'zine called 'Sheet Metal' that caters to the Heavy Metal crowd. That magazine is more or

less surprising that one by the sound of it. Jake's attitude translates directly to me, as a reader, and I get excited about the bands he's writing about or interviewing. This 'zine is great! But by the time of his introduction to issue #14, FETTER's days may be numbered. I, for one, will be sorry to see them end. Please keep it up, Jake! (\$8/4 issues, Festering Publications, 2235 France Avenue South, Minneapolis, MN 55416, (612)922-3161)

DESSINERY
Salt Lake City, Utah
Deeven
Fall 1988
8.5 X 11, corner stapled (12 pages)
art, poetry, local bands

Various nonsense zerox-art stuff, along with impressionistic drawings and poetry. The first two issues have each had one local band interview (flowers for charlotte and neolament) too. Oh, and some tape reviews and a venue review (the Word). This is a labor of love, and has a real careless (a cool sort of carelessness) feel to it. I may be wrong, but I get the feeling that Deeven has never been in a band or anything. So the questions are asked from the viewpoint of a listener, as opposed to a performer on the inside, as so many other zines' viewpoints are. I think this makes DESSINERY unique. And I like it. I hope they keep it up. (25 cents @ Raunch or write Dessinery, 2913 West Sussex, SLC, UT 84119)



RAUNCH

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Chadley Ann

She smiles
With eyes that sparkle
As sunbeams caress her hair,
Like children with a new puppy,
And laugh
For even a child knows what laughter means

And she's forever a child

But her tears....
I cannot fathom her tears
What's inside her eyes
That sparkle
Then cry like pain's a stranger?

I will console her with her name
"Don't cry, Chadley Ann
It's okay."
And I will say it again
"Don't cry, Chadley Ann
It's okay."
Over and over....
'Til after a while,
She sighs
And I leave her room
And wonder why

A Young Boy's Laughter

The body swung like a pendulum. The rope was twisted and frayed. Strands of it had broken loose and were sticking out from the rest. A sack-like garment was draped unconsciously over skin that, only moments before, had been vibrant and alive. Its long hair was suspended down, and angled back and forth, opposite the direction of the swinging body. The sun once revealed an emberish glow to the hair's dark brown color— but it seemed to be fading with the ticking motion of the body. The face held no expression. Its eyes were closed. A trace of blood crept out from one corner of the mouth, although the jaws were clenched tight.

The people who had gathered in the square milled about and looked for ways to occupy their hands and their eyes. The air was cool this morning. The leaves had just begun to turn after a long hot Summer. Lots of people had talked of the drought, and how, years ago, the farms had dried to dust. Many families had been forced to migrate to the cities and the factories and all the dark, foreign ways of life there. Those they left behind now spoke of the possibilities of doing the same. But occasionally their eyes would meet, and for a moment they knew they were all tied to this place—or buried. Maybe they felt a quiet desperation; but somewhere down the line, deep in their hearts, they came to believe that everything outside of their own lives was unreal.

Now, as if on cue, the people who had gathered in the square began to disassemble and return to their homes where they would remain until tomorrow. And, in their homes, the town and the things they were forced to do in it would become unreal too.

Soon after the square was empty, however, a young boy emerged from the shadows of a vacant saloon and shuffled his way towards the body which now hung silent and still. No one was there to see him stop and stand directly in front of it, one hand thrust absent-mindedly in the pocket of an old, oversized and overworn Navy jacket and, with the other, rolling one of the jacket's loose threads between two fingers.

The boy stood like this for quite a while. At times his hands fumbled around like curious animals. At others, they hung suspended like weights at the base of his arms, while his feet shifted and sometimes scraped

at the wooden floor of the old gallows. A few times he began to pace before the body, only to come to a stop and face it once again.

The shadows cast by the mostly vacant buildings in the square grew shorter and longer as the day progressed and regressed, and then finally faded as night began to fall. By now, the boy had sat down and was leaning against one of the gallows' posts. He had dozed off, but suddenly, his breath became short and fast, and then he awoke with a start and jumped to his feet and went straight to the body and clutched it by its cold, stiffening arms with hands that were also cold, but sweating; and stared into its closed eyes.

Then he began to shake it, just as his father had done to him once when the boy was small and had lit a fire to watch it burn. The wind had shifted suddenly, and the fire took hold of the the family's house, and his mother had to run outside from the kitchen and hurriedly smother it with the dress she wore around her frail, pale body. The boy was waiting upstairs in his room when his father came home that night and his mother told his father what he had done.

Maybe the boy remembered this incident as he stood there shaking the dead body, for, after a moment, he stopped and began to laugh. There were some in the town, inside their houses, who heard the laughter, and thought to themselves that it was a young boy's laughter, and that it was coming from the town square; but no one ventured outside.

No one saw, as the boy pushed the hanging body to one side, then turned and walked down the gallows' steps, and down the town's deserted, dusty streets, and away from this place and the strains of a moaning rope, from which was suspended a cold, dead body, swinging back and forth like a pendulum, again and again and again.



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The Stray Cats are getting back together, with Dave Edmunds producing a new album.... Echo and The Bunnymen have broken up.... Nico of the Velvet Underground died on July 15.... Debbie Harry's new album will be called *Deaf Dumb and Blond*.... Brian Wilson has approached William Hurt to portray him in a movie about his life.... Fearing AIDS or something worse, Michael Jackson refused to kiss the Blarney stone on his recent trip through Ireland.... One of the shots taken for the cover of *Ozzy Osbourne's* new album, *No Rest For the Wicked*, was a picture of Ozzy wearing a crown of thorns.... Prince is currently filming a documentary on his European tour.... Television's Tom Verlane and Richard Lloyd are talking of collaborating again....



The Local Music Notes section seeks any news about people and things concerning the local music scene. If you've got some, don't hesitate to fill us in. Thanks.....



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GAJOOB profiles focus on local individuals or groups. If you would like to be featured in a future profile, send GAJOOB a short bio, along with your current aspirations and what you're doing to attain them. You might also want to include some pertinent anecdotes and general interest information. Oh yeh, send a decent photo too. Thanks.....



More than an end to war we want an end to the beginning of all wars.

--Franklin D. Roosevelt

WHAT IF THE
TAX INITIATIVE
DON'T PASS...

WILL I
BECOME A
REPUBLICAN
?!



Gregg Allen hails from Brigham City. He's been involved in music, or music related things since he was eight years old. He's been in bands and would-be bands too innumerable to keep track of; along with many, many "guest appearances" vocalizing for other bands from lounge to metal.

Gregg's studio set-up (where his bed also happens to be located) consists of a Tascam 4-track cassette recorder, a Casio portable keyboard, a Yamaha RX17 drum machine, a distortion pedal, Gibson and Fender guitars, a Fender amp, an Ibanez digital delay, two Radio Shack PCM mics a Shure mic and his alto sax.

One of the things Gregg is working on in his studio is "vocal sampling--which is recording ten to fifteen seconds of certain popular songs, just using vocals. There are about twenty celebrity and vocal artists which, when imitating their voices, I feel quite confident with the likeness and quality that I have acquired." He plans to compile a tape of these samplings for some "promotional ideas" he has.

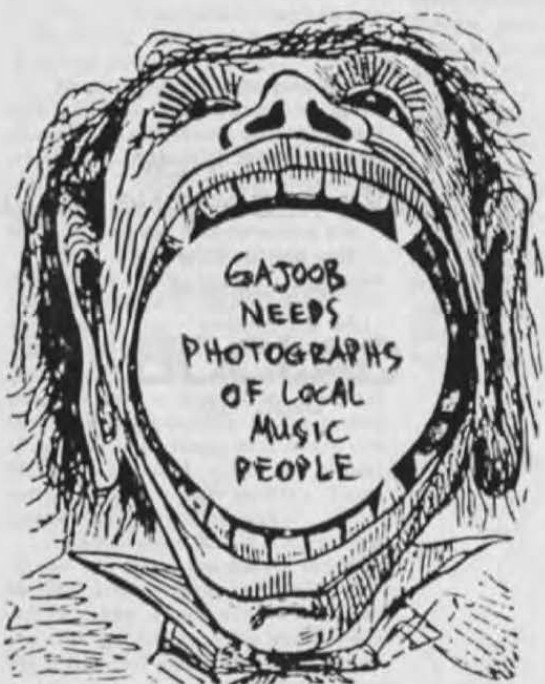
Gregg is also working on special effect sounds. "Several weeks ago, while recording, I was finishing up a lead solo and broke a string. After a series of colorful metaphors, I rewound the tape, and on playback, the breaking string had a percussive quality that I liked. So, four strings later, I came up with the sound I desired, and now I have a new percussion sound to work with."

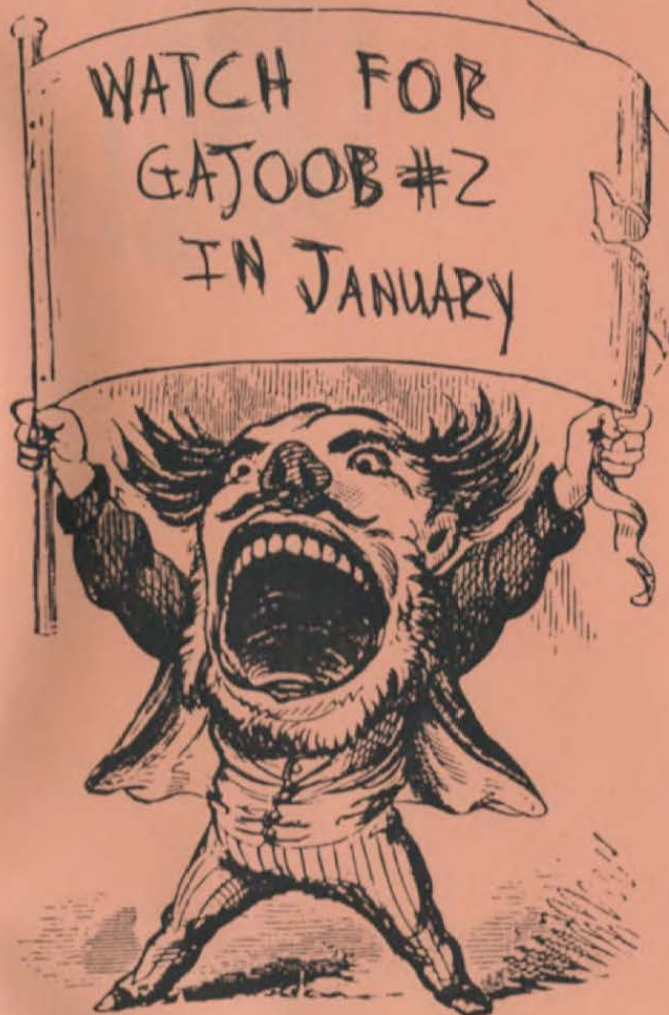
But most of all, Gregg says, "There's nothing more satisfying to me than to sing with myself." Most of the time he does this in a 50's-era, street corner do-wop style somewhat akin to Billie Joel's "For the Longest Time."

Gregg can be heard on the upcoming re-release of The Blind Mike Ensemble's first tape, Doris Gets Her Oats; and on two cuts on their second tape, Vox Populi, which has just been released.

Somebody Else

I forget it when forgotten memories come rushing in
Rushing in to embrace me
And take me from this place
With all of its simple pain
Where I'm simply somebody else without a name
Waiting for the next train out of here
Away from failure
And forever doubtful





When cops arrested David Lee in the bludgeoning death of his grandma, they said he was lying in bed near her battered body — singing *The Sound of Music*.

Lee, 32, was jailed for investigation of murder in the brutal beating of Tuey Chan, 86, who had looked after him since he was 18.

Cops in San Francisco said Lee was facedown on a bed across the hall from his dead granny singing, "The hills are alive with the sound of music."

Witnesses told police Lee smashed his grandmother on the head with a TV set and threw drinking glasses at her.

A man accused of mounting a severed pig's head on the hood of Buffalo, N.Y. Mayor James Griffin's car says he doesn't know why he did it.

Umberto Guzzo was charged with disorderly conduct.

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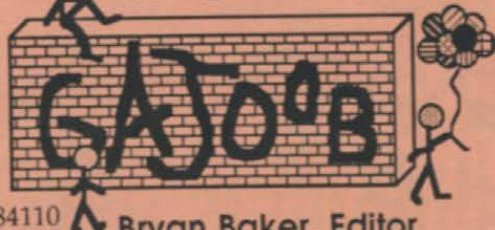
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Bryan Baker, Editor

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